

# ELF & WARRIOR

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by AC Stuart and Victor Rosas II





THIS IS IT.

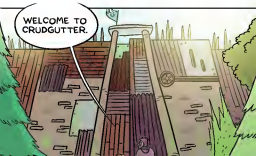
REMOTE AND  
DEFENSIBLE ENOUGH  
THAT IT CAN'T BE  
RAIDED, CLOSE ENOUGH  
TO CIVILIZATION THAT  
YOU CAN STILL  
SAVE THEM

RAISE HELL.





WELCOME TO  
CRUDGUTTER.













IF YOU'RE LOOKIN'  
FOR WORK ON THE  
WRONG SIDE OF RIGHT,  
THIS IS WHERE YOU  
WANNA BE.





PERFECT  
PLACE TO FENCE  
YOUR STOLEN  
STUFF, DRINK YOUR  
PROFITS, AND END  
UP BROKE IN A  
GUTTER PLOTTING  
YOUR NEXT SCORE.



ALL THE  
BUILDINGS  
ARE FALLING  
APART AND  
EVERYONE  
LOOKS SO  
MEAN!

I LOVE  
IT!
















YKNOW, WHEN YOU BEEN DOIN' THIS AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU SORTA LOSE YOUR APPRECIATION FOR THESE LITTLE MOMENTS. IT'S REFRESHING TO HAVE SOMEONE WITH UNSPOILED EYES.



OH GODS, NOT  
MY ARM. NOT MY--

**CRACK!!**

**EEAUUGHGH!!**

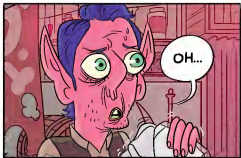
















OH  
SWEET



MONEY B-B-BUT  
YOU DISAPPEARED  
AND THEN-  
AND THEN YOU  
WERE GONE  
SO LONG, I  
THOUGHT-



RELAX,  
DRIBBLES.  
I AIN'T HERE FOR  
THAT. HONESTLY,  
I FORGOT YOU  
OWED ME  
ANYTHING.











A comic panel featuring two characters. On the left, a purple-skinned man with a beard and a skull necklace looks on with a somber expression. On the right, a blue-skinned woman with a red hood is laughing heartily, pointing her finger. The background is dark and indistinct.

OBSIDIA TERRORSCREAM,  
THE MAVEN OF TORMENT,  
QUEEN OF ENMITY--

TOO MUCH.



I REMEMBER  
MY FIRST CRIME.  
ME AND MY BUDDIES  
SNUCK INTO OLD  
MAN COSGROVE'S  
MANOR JUST  
TO SEE WHAT  
WE COULD  
STEAL.

HAHA,  
BUNCHA  
DUMB KIDS,  
WE WERE.





HE WAS OUT OF TOWN. HIS NEIGHBOR KNEW THAT, SO WHEN HE SAW THE TORCHLIGHT, HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS AMISS. HE CAME TO CHECK.



WE ALL HID,  
BUT THE POOR  
BASTARD GOT TOO  
CLOSE TO JETHERBY  
AND SPOOKED HIM OUT.  
BOY, ONCE HE GOT  
THAT KNIFE GOING, HE  
DIDNT STOP STABBING  
FOR, GOSH, A SOLID  
MINUTE I'D SAY.

SOMETIMES AT  
NIGHT, WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, I CAN  
STILL SEE HIM LYING THERE, ALIVE  
BUT MUTILATED.

HE MUSTA KNOWN HE WAS DONE  
FOR, BUT HE DIDNT CRY. DIDNT MAKE  
ANY NOISE AT ALL. HE JUST... LOOKED  
AT ME... WITH THOSE GLASSY EYES...

BLOOD... BLOOD  
EVERY WHERE...







I WAS THINKIN' WE'D START





WELL...  
YOU REMEMBER  
SANCHROS, RIGHT?  
HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE  
TO GET MURDEROX MILK  
FOR A WHILE. THEY GOT  
SOME KINDA EMBARGO  
GOING, ON ACCOUNT  
OF HE USES IT TO









AYEP.  
ANYWAY,  
HE'D PAY  
A PRETTY  
PENNY  
FOR SOME  
OF THAT.  
AND I DON'T

RECKON  
HE'LL CARE  
HOW YOU  
GOT IT.



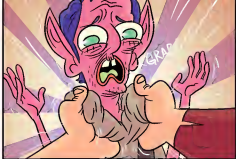
THAT'S  
PERFECT.  
THANKS FOR THE  
INFO, DRIBBLES.  
YOU'VE BEEN  
VERY HELPFUL.











YOU BETTER HAVE MY MONEY BY  
THE TIME I GET BACK, OR YOU'RE DEAD.











WRITTEN BY  
AC STUART

ILLUSTRATED BY  
VICTOR ROSAS II

